

# The Way It Happened

He was born of honest, and, therefore, poor parents, on the day of his birth. He began to breathe in a feeble, indifferent *Way* soon after, and probably tried to make a noise in the world. Strange to say, he has been in the *Way* of noise ever since.

He could walk when a small boy, and, in a small *Way*, could carry on a conversation when but twenty-one.

He has always been a hard drinker, drinking sometimes at the spring, but mostly at the hydrant.

He has never smoked here, but the *Way* he will smoke hereafter is a sin and a shame!

He has never chewed—except the rag—and the *Way* of his sarcasm is most sarcastic.

Though not a sailor, he has had many ships in the *Way* of hardships.

He lives under his own vine, which is a source of sour grapes to him, but he has no fig tree, and does not care a fig if he hasn't!

He is still living, but will die on the day of his death, unless that momentous event occurs at night, which is not an improbable *Way*!

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Do you remember this sign at the bottom of the stairs?

THIS WAY  
TO THE  
CLINIC

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And how it looked a few *minutes* later?

T I WAY  
TO THE  
CLINIC